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"WASTE NERVE"

One of the most helpful books on nerve weakness ever issued is that entitled "Nerve Waste," by Dr. Sawyer of San Francisco, now in its fifth thousand. This work of an experienced and reputable physician is in agreeable contrast to the vast mass of false teaching which prevails on this important subject. It abounds in carefully considered and practical advice, and has the two great qualities of wisdom and sincerity.

It is endorsed by both the religious and secular press. The Chicago Advance says: "A perusal of the book and the application of its principles will put health, hope and heart into thousands of lives that are now suffering through nervous impairment."

The book is \$1.00, by mail, postpaid, one of the most interesting chapters—chapter 25, on Nervines and Nerve Tonics—has been printed separately as a sample chapter, and will be sent to any address for stamp by the publishers, The Pacific Pub. Co., Box 2538, San Francisco.

Coast Mail.

MARSHFIELD, OREGON

GEMS IN VERSE.

OLD FAVORITES.

Home.

But where to find that sunset spot below
Who can direct, when all profess to know?
The sun's bright beams of the frigid zone
Holds the treasure of the lagging sea and snow,
And his long nights of revelry and ease,
The naked night, parting at the loins,
Beats in the glaze of stems the tepid wave
And thinks his gods for all the good they gave,
Such is the patriot's boast; where'er we roam
His dust, his country ever is at home,
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots' hearts, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind,
As different goods, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.
—Goldsmith.

Sunset.

The moon is up, and yet it is not night,
Sunset divides the sky with her; a sea
Of glory streams along the Alpine height
Of him, Titoli's mountain; heaven is free
From clouds, but of all colors seems to be
Blended in one vast fire of the west.
Where the day joins the past eternity;
While, on the other hand, dusk Dian's crest
Floats through the azure air, an island of the sun.

A single star is at her side and reigns
With her; 'er half the lovely heaven, but still
You may see her beams brightly and remains
In the peak of the far Bluewin hill,
As day and night contending were until
Nature reclined her order; gently flows
The deep eye of heaven, where their hues instill
The nebulous purple of a newborn rose
Which streams upon her stream and glistens with
In it glows.

Filled with the face of heaven, which, from afar,
Comes down upon the waters, all its hues,
From the rich sunset to the rising star,
Their magical variety diffuse,
And now they change; a pale shadow streams
Its mantle 'er the mountains; parting day
Hues like the dolphin, whom each pang inflames
With a new color as it gasps away,
The last still hoarded, till 'tis gone—and all is
gray.
—Byron.

Soliloquy on Immortality.

Phoebus—Cato, sitting in a thoughtful posture
With Plato's book on the "Immortality of the soul"
In his hand and a drawn sword on the table
By him.)
It must be so, Plato, thou reasonest well!
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into naught? Why strikes the soul
Back on herself and starts at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself that points out a hereafter
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! Thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we
pass?
The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me,
But shadows, clouds and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold, if there's a power above us
(And that there is, all nature cries aloud
Through all her works), he must delight in cir-
cling,
And that which he delights in must be happy,
But when or where? This world was made for
Cesar.
I'm weary of conjectures; this must end them.
(Laying his hand on his sword.)
Thus am I doubly armed, my death and life,
My lance and antidote, are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end,
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter and the crush of worlds!
—Aldrich.

My Country.

England, with all thy faults, I love thee still,
My country, and, while yet a nook is left
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrained to love thee. Though thy
clime
Be bleak and thy year most part deformed
With dripping rains or withered by a frost,
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies
And fields without a flower for warmer France,
With all her vines; nor for Ausonia's groves
Of golden fruitage and her myrtle bowers,
To shake thy senate, and from height sublime
To patriot eloquence to dash down fire
Upon the foe was never meant my task,
But I can feel thy fortunes and partake
Thy joys and sorrows with as true a heart
As any thunder there, and I can feel
Thy follies, too, and with a just disdain
Frown at a demagogue whose very looks
Reflect dishonor on the land I love.
How, in the name of soldiership and sense,
Should England prosper when such things, as
smooth
And tender as a girl, all essenced o'er
With odors and as profligate as sweet,
Who sell their laurel for a myrtle wreath
And love when they should fight, when such as
these
Presume to lay their hand upon the ark
Of her magnificent and awful cause?
Time was when it was praise and boast enough
In every clime and travel where we might
That we were born her children. Praise enough
To fill the ambition of a private man
That Chatham's language was his mother tongue
And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own.
—Cowper.

Contradiction.

Ye powers who rule the tongue, if such there are,
And make colloquial happiness your care,
Preserve me from the thing I dread and hate—
A duel in the form of a debate.
The clash of arguments and jar of words,
Worse than the mortal thrust of rival swords,
Beside no question with their tedious length,
For opposition gives opinion strength,
Diverts the champion's prodigal of breath
And puts the passably disposed to death.
Oh, thwart me not, Mr. Sopho, at every turn
Nor expat at every flaw you may discern!
Though syllogisms long put on my tongue,
I am not sure always in the wrong.
'Tis hard if all is false that I advance;
A fool must now and then be right by chance.
Not that all freedom of dissent I blame,
No; there I grant the privilege I claim.
A disputable point is no man's ground;
Rise where you please, 'tis common all around.
Discourse may want an animated No
To brush the surface and to make it flow;
But still remember, if you mean to please,
To press your point with modesty and ease.
The mark at which myuster aim I take
Is contradiction for its own dear sake.
Set your opinion at whatever pitch,
Knots and impediments make something hitch.
Adopt his own, 'tis equally in vain.
Your thread of argument is snapped again.
The wrangler, rather than accord with you,
Will judge himself deceived and prove it too.
Vociferated logic kills me quite;
A noisy man is always in the right.
I twist my thumbs, fall back into my chair,
Fit on the waincot a distressed stare
And, when I hope his blunders are all out,
Reply discreetly, "To be sure; so doubt!"
—Cowper.

The Ends of Life.

A good that never satisfies the mind,
A beauty fading like the April flowers,
A sweet with foods of gall that runs combined,
A pleasure passing ere it thought made ours,
An honor that more feeble is than wind,
A glory at opinion's frown that lowers,
A treasury which bankrupt time devours,
A knowledge than grave ignorance more blind,
A vain delight our equals to command,
A style of greatness, in effect a dream,
A swelling thought of holding sea and land,
A servile lot, decked with a pompous name,
Are the strange ends we toil for here below.
Till wisest death make us our errors know.
—William Drummond.

JOHN ADAMS' WIFE.

A Letter From Abigail Adams—The Vice President's Function.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 6, 1797.

Dear Sir—I received your letter of Nov. 24 by the post of yesterday. With respect to the notes you write me about, I wish you to do by them as you would by your own, as I do not want at present either principle or interest. I think it would be most for my interest to do by them as you propose. The method you mention, of adding to the out-house so as to give me a dairy room, I like very much and would leave it to your judgment. I think it would be best to have it large enough to take of a closet that cold victuals, etc., may not be mixt in with dairy affairs. I should be glad to have it completed if possible before I return in the spring, but the winter has set in with great violence here, and the rivers are already frozen up, so that I fear we shall not have a chance of getting any cheese here.

Congress are but just getting into business, and the vice president is not yet arrived to sit six months together. Regulating debates, moderating warmth and reading papers is a laborious task and what, I fancy, the present V. P. does not like so well as rocking in his pivot chair or amusing himself with the vibration of a pendulum. I have never yet seen the southern man, Washington excepted, who could bear close application for any length of time. What a ringing would here have been in all the Jacobinical prayers from one end of the United States to the other if somebody else had done so!

We are all well. The cold weather has entirely put a stop to the yellow fever, and no person would now suppose that such a calamity had ever befallen the city. The synod recommended a day of fasting and prayer. The difference between this place and N. England was this: Being recommended by a body of Presbyterian ministers, none of the church clergy would join in it. Every shop in the city was open as usual, and a very small proportion of the inhabitants attended worship. Business and pleasure went on as usual.

Remember me to Mrs. Tufts and all other friends. From your ever affectionate
ABIGAIL ADAMS.

How to Serve New Cabbage.

For most appetites cabbage can be improved by parboiling it in two waters before the final boiling in order to remove some of the flavor. It is a good idea to put a small piece of soda in the first water. New cabbage is especially delicious if cut into large pieces, cooked in this manner and served with a rich cream sauce.

Eagle Bakery.

Having recently purchased Mr. Canning's interest in this Bakery, it has been thoroughly renovated and rebuilt, and I am prepared to furnish first-class fresh Bread, Pies, Cakes, Etc. Free delivery to any part of the city by leaving orders at the Bakery on A street. 24 tickets for \$1.00.

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